

Mackey forgot
what he'd forgotten.

He had briefly
remembered, but now, nothing!

Oh well, a clue
would visit dur-
ing his day.

If it didn't
so what?
Or beginning
of the end.
Dementia.

Belia would've helped had she stuck.

But she finally found the script to split!

*Mackey: almost fine.
Belia: wonderful!
Together: truly toxic.*

Uh huh? He wants her back
to invent newer ones.

Her sole constant:
sexy!

“And you’re a man of low character!”

He repeats the words from
a piercing

old black and whiter that left
the audience stoned

into more chromatic
grief.

*When I do remember,
I'll jot something
on an envelope
which i'll lose.*